

midnight in Newark

Ed Junist  
467 Belmont Ave  
Bi 3-3011

Edith Taylor  
"Bob Holmes"  
2 Sherman place.

"IT'S MIDNIGHT OVER NEWARK"

A Living Newspaper

In

Two Parts

by

Hughes Allison

Kay Huger  
21 Madison  
Maplewood  
502-8481

True Green  
119 Bronx St  
Apr 18.



# CHARACTERS

LOUDSPEAKER  
 1 GIRL \* Norma Nelson  
 HUSBAND  
 WIFE Bertell -  
 1 BOY  
 MALE NEGRO  
 2 1ST MINISTER Holmes  
 4 BOOTBLACK Kirtland  
 5 RED CAP Woodruff  
 6 1ST PORTER Tate - 3  
 7 2ND PORTER  
 8 MANDY D. Horney  
 9 A GIRL - Mansel Mills  
 10 ANOTHER GIRL Jane Green  
 11 DOCTOR A Scott  
 1ST YOUNG LADY  
 2ND YOUNG LADY  
 3RD YOUNG LADY  
 12 WOMAN \* North  
 13 DOCTOR B \* Corman  
 14 SECRETARY OF URBAN LEAGUE  
 15 COMMISSIONER \* Corman  
 16 DOCTOR C \* Callan  
 17 DOCTOR D \* Kuehner  
 18 DOCTOR E \* Bertell  
 19 LAWYER Woodruff  
 20 DOCTOR F  
 21 MEDICAL DIRECTOR \* Green

Norma Nelson  
 Jane Green  
 Wm Green  
 Corman  
 Nelson  
 John Callan

Ken Woodruff  
 139 South Street  
 Orange, N.J.  
 023-8479  
 any time before 7 P.M.  
 after 7 P.M. 022-0754

DANCERS, MEMBERS OF CONGREGATION, EPISCOPAL  
PROCESSIONALISTS, YOUNG LADIES\*

(\*) DENOTES WHITE CHARACTERS.

Richard Courtney 26 Parker Avenue, Maplewood  
 Conkhite / So Orange 2-5117

Bill Swale  
 Arlington Street

Holmes

Mansel Mills  
 17 Cranford St  
 Newark



SOURCE MATERIAL

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by

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by

John A. Kenny, M.D.

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SECTION IV--HOUSING

SECTION V--HEALTH AND HOSPITALIZATION  
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by

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\*\*\*

INDIVIDUALS INTERVIEWED

Dr. Thomas Bell, Dr. Mae McCarrol, Mr. Harold Lett, Mrs. William Milwitsky, Dr. James E. Lee, Dr. L. B. Ellerson, Dr. Snaveley.  
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FILES AND LETTERS

Library of Dr. Thomas Bell; Files of the New Jersey Urban League; files of the Inter-racial Council of Newark, N. J.

(TRANSCRIPT OF BEAUTICIANS' MEETING AT MRS. STEWART'S HOME SUPPLIED BY PRIVATE STENOGRAPHER)

Seaborn Horton  
196 West Kinney St.  
Newark, N. J.

Friedl Washington

Service Bell  
446 St. Nicholas Ave  
New York, N. Y.

IT'S MIDNIGHT OVER NEWARK

Part One



"IT'S MIDNIGHT OVER NEWARK"

Part One

(THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE. THE FOOT-  
LIGHTS GO UP. MUSIC SUDDENLY ENDS  
ON A SOUR NOTE.)

SOUND

A DEEP BASE CYMBAL STRUCK BY HAMMER TWELVE TIMES.

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention, please! Attention, please! Attention,  
please! There is a question to be answered. There  
is a question to be answered. And what is that  
question? (LAUGHS) Simply this: What is a Negro?  
What is a Negro?

GIRL

(SHE IS WHITE AND SITS OUT FRONT NEAR FOOTLIGHTS  
DOWN RIGHT) Who wants to know?

LOUDSPEAKER

Attention, please! Attention, please! What is a  
Negro? What is a Negro?

(AS GIRL SPEAKS HER FIRST LINE, A  
NEGRO COUPLE COMES DOWN AISLE AND  
FACES AUDIENCE SEATED IN THE CEN-  
TER AISLE. COUPLE STANDS BETWEEN  
AUDIENCE AND FOOTLIGHTS.)

HUSBAND

(SPEAKING TO WIFE BUT IN A VOICE ENTIRE AUDIENCE  
CAN HEAR) I thought we were going to a show!

WIFE

Go on and find the seat!

LOUDSPEAKER

That question has still to be answered. What is  
a Negro?

HUSBAND

Let's go home, honey. That's one of them old  
questions....like: "Which come first--the chicken  
or the egg?"



WIFE Hush up!, and find the seat!

LOUDSPEAKER What is a Negro?

GIRL Whoever you are!, do you have to know?

BOY (HE IS WHITE AND SITS OUT FRONT NEAR FOOTLIGHTS DOWN LEFT) Yeah! Do you have to know?!

HUSBAND (TO WIFE) Looks like we're in the middle around here! Let's be moving.

WIFE We're always in the middle.

(NEGRO COUPLE CROSSES TO AISLE AND ARE TAKEN IN HAND BY AN USHER)

LOUDSPEAKER What is a Negro?

GIRL (RISES FROM SEAT AND STEPS INTO AISLE) Hasn't this gone far enough?

BOY (RISES FROM SEAT AND STEPS INTO AISLE) Yeah! How about it?

LOUDSPEAKER Madam, are you a Negro?

GIRL (INDIGNANT) I beg your pardon!

LOUDSPEAKER (TO BOY) Are you a Negro, sir?

BOY (INDIGNANT) Certainly not!

LOUDSPEAKER Sorry.

BOY I ain't!

GIRL Neither one of us are Negroes. Negroes are black.

BOY Sure! Negroes are black!

LOUDSPEAKER Well! Fine! Fine! Suppose we follow this through.

GIRL How's that!

BOY Huh?

LOUDSPEAKER I said, won't you step up on the stage?

GIRL (DOWN RIGHT MOUNTS STEPS TO STAGE, HER FINGERS PATTING HER CLOTHING AND HAIR, GAZING SHYLY BACK



5

GIRL  
(CONT'D)  
LOUDSPEAKER AT AUDIENCE) Oh, dear, dear, dear!

LOUDSPEAKER That's it. Right up there. (TO BOY) And you, sir? Won't you step up on the stage?

BOY (MOUNTING STEPS TO STAGE) Why not? I did it once before on Bank Night. Got a set of dishes too!

LOUDSPEAKER (AS FOOTLIGHTS DIM) Now you were saying Negroes are black.

GIRL That's right.

BOY (AS ALL LIGHTS GO OUT) (HE IS ON STAGE DOWN LEFT HAVING COME UP AT THAT POINT) That's what we said!

LOUDSPEAKER (AS CURTAIN GOES UP IN UTTER DARKNESS) I see!

(CURTAIN UP: NO LIGHT)

BOY We don't!

GIRL (TIMIDLY) How about a little light?

LOUDSPEAKER Very well. (CALLING) A little light!

(A SPOT OVERHEAD AND DEAD CENTER  
FADES IN A TALL, SPLENDID SPECI-  
MEN OF A MALE NEGRO, NAKED EXCEPT  
FOR A WHITE LOINCLOTH. THE STAGE  
IS BARE OF SET OR PROPS. THE BACK-  
DROPS AND DRAPES ARE BLACK)

GIRL (UTTERS A GASP OF SURPRISE) Oh!

BOY Who is it? Joe Louis?

LOUDSPEAKER Don't be frightened.

BOY Wait a minute! If that's Joe Louis, where do I go from here?

LOUDSPEAKER There's a long list of gentlemen you might consult about that. (CHANGE OF TONE) But observe! The figure with you on the stage is black, except for the bit of cloth it wears. Is the figure a Negro?



BOY (TO GIRL) What do you think, sister?

GIRL Could be!

LOUDSPEAKER Ask the figure to walk.

BOY (TO NEGRO) Hey you! Let's see you walk.

(NEGRO WALKS SLOWLY OFF LEFT  
TO WING.)

GIRL (AS NEGRO GOES OFF) Say! All this doesn't quite  
answer the question. (SHE CROSSES INTO POOL OF  
LIGHT DEAD CENTER)

BOY (CROSSING TO GIRL IN LIGHT) Naw! Negroes are....  
well....sort of.... (FALTERS AND CAN'T GO ON)

GIRL Alright, smarty. Go on. We're waiting.

BOY The name isn't Smarty. It's Smith. John Smith.  
I didn't catch yours?

GIRL I didn't throw it! (GIGGLES)

BOY That's funny I suppose!

GIRL Well it's the best I can do....on such short  
notice.

BOY The name, sister! The handle! What's your moniker?

GIRL (RASING EYEBROWS) An uncouth person to say the  
least!

LOUDSPEAKER Any name will do, madam.

GIRL It's *Jones*. Mary *Jones*.

BOY Miss? Or Mrs?

LOUDSPEAKER I'll bet that matters.

GIRL Miss, if you please.

BOY Now, that's more like it! We're all cosy and  
everything.



GIRL I'm not so sure. Perhaps I'd better go back to my....(TAKES A STEP DOWN STAGE)

LOUDSPEAKER Have you forgotten?

BOY About Negroes? Couldn't we?

LOUDSPEAKER Forget about Negroes? Well, it's being done. Especially in Newark.

GIRL Oh, I don't know about that. They seem to be.... well.... Negroes are....are such happy people.

BOY Sure! That's it! That's it! Negroes are happy-go-lucky people.

GIRL (SMILING) Aren't they!

LOUDSPEAKER And what do these happy people do?

GIRL Well, for one thing: they dance. (AS IF TO CONVINCE HERSELF) Yes, that's one thing they do.

(FADE IN MUSIC: A PHONOGRAPH RECORD: DUKE ELLINGTON'S "IN A MELLOPHONE" OR SOME OTHER RECORD IF MORE APPROPRIATE)

LOUDSPEAKER (AS LIGHTS ON STAGE GO UP) Like this?

(THREE COUPLES ENTER FROM THE LEFT; THREE COUPLES ENTER FROM THE RIGHT. THEY DO AN EXHIBITION LINDY HOP WHICH LASTS ABOUT THREE MINUTES, WHIRLING ABOUT BOY AND GIRL STANDING CENTER. AS THE DANCERS EXIT, THE LIGHTS ON STAGE FADE AND SPOT OVER BOY AND GIRL FADES IN)

GIRL (PATTING HER HANDS IN TIME WITH THE MUSIC WHICH IS NO LONGER HEARD) And more of the same. (TO BOY) I just love to see Negroes dance. They're so primitive about it. Don't you think so?

BOY Well, they're primitive people. Everybody knows that.



LOUDER SHAKES Did I hear you call them....people?  
 BOY Yes. Aren't they?  
 LOUDER SHAKES I'm asking you.  
 GIRL Well, once upon a time there was a question about  
 their being people. But there isn't any more.  
 LOUDER SHAKES As far as you know?  
 BOY Maybe, <sup>you,</sup> whoever you are, can tell us differently!  
 LOUDER SHAKES Perhaps I know of folks who question the right  
 of Negroes to call themselves people.  
 BOY Not in this country! (TO GIRL) And while I'm  
 about it, Miss er....er....  
 GIRL Jones. Mary Jones.  
 BOY Sorry. Miss Jones then. While I'm about it, let  
 me tell you this: Negroes....not all of 'em any-  
 how....don't just go around dancing!  
 GIRL Of course not! Who said they did?  
 BOY We had a colored cook once. Mandy was her name.  
 And she was one of the most religious persons I've  
 ever met.  
 LOUDER SHAKES So Negroes are religious?  
 BOY Exactly! Once I went to Mandy's church. Of course  
 the service in Mandy's church was a little differ-  
 ent from the service in our church.  
 LOUDER SHAKES Our church?  
 BOY Mandy's was a colored church with a colored minis-  
 ter.  
 LOUDER SHAKES And yours was a white church.

(FADE OUT SHOT OVER BOY AND GIRL)

BOY (AS LIGHT FADES) Yes. What do you think I am?

LOUDSPEAKER (AS LIGHT FADES) You might be an American. Are you?

BOY (AS LIGHT FADES) One hundred per-cent!

GILL (IN DARK NOW) What's the matter with the light?!

(IN THE DARK BOY AND GIRL CROSS DOWN STAGE LEFT.)

LOUDSPEAKER (IN DARK) Don't be alarmed. Everything's all right  
(CHANGE OF TONE) Now, Mr. Smith?

BOY (IN DARK) Yes?

LOUDSPEAKER (IN DARK) About Mandy's church. Was it like this?

(FADE IN RIGHT: NEGRO CONGREGATION OF THE USUAL LOWER CLASS TYPE WITH JACKLEG MINISTER STANDING IN PULPIT)

BOY (AS LIGHT BEGINS TO SPOT CONGREGATION AND MINISTER  
Like what?

LOUDSPEAKER This!

(CONGREGATION BEGINS TO MOAN AND CHANT)

1ST MINISTER The devil is loose in the world. And he's been running 'round free a long time.

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "Too long!"

1ST MINISTER Looks to me like dey's mighty few folks trying to catch him dees days. And I'm talking 'bout the devil!

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "Ain't it de truth!" "Talk on, brother!"

1ST MINISTER Oooh! And from what I been seeing 'round here.... it looks like the devil done caught the folks!

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "Dat sho is the truth!" "Preach it!"

1ST MINISTER Is he done caught you, brother? Is he done caught you, sister?



CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "Lawd hep us!" "Lawd hep us!"

1ST MINISTER And if the devil is done caught you....dey ain't but one way for you to git rid of him! Do you hear me!

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "We hear you!" "Hep us Lawd!"

1ST MINISTER I said dey ain't but one way to git rid of the devil! And dat's for you to walk in the way of righteousness....wid me!

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) "Amen! Amen!" "Tell 'em, brother!"

1ST MINISTER You-all going to walk wid me?!

CONGREGATION (AD LIBS) ( IN A FIT OF UNINHIBITED EMOTION) "Yes, brother!" "We's going to walk wid you!" "Certainly, Lawd!"

1ST MINISTER Den walk wid me, chillun! Walk wid me! And bye and bye....we'll all go to heaven! (HE COMES DOWN IN FRONT OF PULPIT AND HOLDS OUT A COLLECTION PLATE) I said: walk wid me and we'd all go to heaven....bye and bye.

(CONGREGATION BREAKS INTO SONG, SINGING THE SPIRITUAL, "BYE AND BYE"; MEANWHILE CIRCLING BEFORE THE MINISTER AND DROPPING COINS INTO HIS COLLECTION PLATE)

(LIGHT RIGHT FADES)

1ST DOOR KNOCKER Was that anything like Mandy's church, Mr. Smith?

(FADE IN LIGHT SHOWING BOY AND GIRL DOWN STAGE LEFT)

BOY That was exactly like Mandy's church.

GIRL (SURPRISED) Are you sure?

BOY Sure? Of course I'm sure.

MISS (SHRUGS SHOULDERS) At least the music was nice.  
But the rest of it!

LOUDER MAN: What was the matter with the rest of it, Miss.  
Jones?

MISS (TO BOY) Wouldn't you say it was....primitive?

BOY Well, Negroes are primitive people.

MISS But they've had a chance by this time to do better than that.

BOY You saw for yourself!

LOUDER MAN: She saw the kind of religious service you had  
seen Negroes indulge in.

BOY That's the way Negroes are! Ignorant! Dumb!  
Stupid! (SHOUTS) Lincoln made a mistake when he  
freed 'em!

MISS I'm not so sure about that!

BOY I am!

LOUDER MAN: I'm a little mixed up?

MISS (TO MISS) That voice is butting in again. TO LOUD-

MAN: What do you mean by I'm mixed up?

LOUDER MAN: A little while ago you called Negroes people.

BOY Brother!, there're people and people. (SHOUTS)

LOUDER MAN: All right! You asked for it! I don't know  
your reason. But you want to know what a Negro  
is. Well, there was Mandy's little boy.

LOUDER MAN: A bootblack, like this. Wasn't he?

BOY (COMING INTO SHOP WITH BOY AND FRI. BOY IS  
EMERGING FROM DOWN LEFT) Shine, sir?

BOY Yeah! Shine 'em on, 'em on!



BOOTBLACK (PUTS SHINE-BOX AT BOY'S FEET; KNEELS AND BEGINS TO SHINE SHOES). My name ain't Sambo, mister.

BOY I thought all little colored boys were named Sambo!

BOOTBLACK I ain't named that.

BOY (You trying to be smart, son?

BOOTBLACK No sir.

BOY Then why don't you shut up and shine my shoes?

BOOTBLACK Yes sir. But you called me Sambo. And that ain't my name.

BOY Well! Who wants to know your name?

BOOTBLACK I was thinking maybe you did.

BOY Any?

BOOTBLACK You called me Sambo, didn't you? How come you to call me that?

BOY I thought all little colored boys were named Sambo. That's why! (HARSH) And listen, nigger! How often do you go around talking back to white people? (PAUSE) Talk back to your teacher?

BOOTBLACK Sometimes.

BOY Oh, you do! Well, you'll never get anywhere talking back! You know that don't you?

BOOTBLACK I'm learning.

BOY What do you want to be when you grow up?

BOOTBLACK What do you do for a living?

BOY I'm a book-keeper.

BOOTBLACK You make much money?

BOY That's none of your business!

BOOTBLACK I figured it wouldn't be.

BOY                    That'll be enough out of you, Sambo. Now take your box and scram!

BOOTBLACK            (RISING AND TAKING BOX BY ITS STRAP) You going to pay me?

BOY                    For what! Talking back to me?

BOOTBLACK            You ain't going to pay me then!

BOY                    Get out of here, you little rat!

BOOTBLACK            Sure! (SNATCHES GIRL'S HANDBAG AND RUNS OFF LIGHT)

GIRL                   (SCREAMS) Stop that thief! Stop that thief!

BOY                    Never mind! Never mind! We'll get him!

GIRL                   But my handbag! My pocket-book!

BOY                    You'll see! We'll get the little black rat!

LOUDBRAKEN           Now we're getting somewhere! Negroes are black. They're happy people because they like to dance. They're very religious. And they're little black thieves. (CHANGE OF TONE) What else are they? This?

RED JAP                (ENTERING FROM THE LEFT) Carry your bags, sir? Carry your bags, sir? Carry your bags, sir? (GOES RIGHT)

1ST PORTER            (ENTERING FROM THE LEFT CARRYING A MOP WHICH HE USES ON FLOOR AT FEET OF BOY AND GIRL) Excuse me, please. Just watch your feet, please. Thank you, sir. (GOES RIGHT)

2ND PORTER            (ENTERING FROM THE LEFT; BEARS WHITE COAT AND SOAP, SOAP AND TOWEL AND WHISKBROOM) Brush you off, sir? (BRUSHES OFF BOY FURIOUSLY WITH WHISKBROOM) Soap and towel, sir?



BOY no. I don't need soap and a towel. Just brush me off good.

2ND PORTER (BRUSHING AWAY FURIOUSLY) Yes sir! Yes sir!  
(PUTS SOAP IN POCKET; THROWS TOWEL OVER SHOULDER; HOLDS OUT ONE HAND WHILE BRUSHING AWAY WITH THE OTHER HAND) Fine day, ain't it?

BOY Why? Because you've got one hand stuck out, palm up?

2ND PORTER (SHUCKLING) Well, you know how it is! The old washroom man's got to live!

BOY Couldn't you do something to make a better living?

2ND PORTER Take any job you gimme, mister!

BOY I haven't got a job to give you.

2ND PORTER Maybe there's a job for me where you work?

BOY My firm doesn't employ colored folks.

2ND PORTER And that's that! (BILLS RIGHT)

FOODSPEAKER Mr. Smith and Miss. Jones: you've made several observations concerning Negroes. Before we move on, let's sum up a bit. Do you mind?

MR. No. Go right ahead.

FOODSPEAKER Very well. First, you said Negroes were black. Then, they're happy people because they like to dance. They're also very religious. They talk back to white people. They steal. They shine shoes, carry your traveling bags, and brush your clothing off in washrooms. What else do you know about them?

MR. They must undoubtedly live horribly!

FOODSPEAKER Do you mean the ones we have already

BOY                    What do you mean by the ones we have already seen?  
 All Negroes are alike! And they all live like!  
 LOUDSPEAKER        How do you know, Mr. Smith?  
 BOY                    I had a look at the way Mandy lived. That's how  
 I know.  
 LOUDSPEAKER        Mandy was once your cook, wasn't she? And did she  
 live like this?

(MUSIC IS IN LOUD)

(FADE LIGHT SHOOTING BOY TO RIGHT  
 AND LEFT)

(FADE IN LIGHT UP RIGHT DISCLOSES  
 THE USUAL MISERABLE, OVERCROWDED  
 ROOM IN THE NEGRO QUARTER OF THE  
 CITY. THE BOUNDARIES OF THE LIT-  
 TION ARE MERELY INDICATED. BUT THE  
 CHEAP, WORN OUT FURNITURE IS VERY  
 MUCH THERE INCLUDING A BED, TWO OR  
 THREE BPOKEEN DOWN STRAIGHT BACK  
 CHAIRS, A TABLE AND A BOY)

(AS LIGHT FADES IN WE SEE BOY,  
 THE BOOTBLACK, 1ST PORTER, 2ND  
 PORTER, RED CAP, A GIRL, ANOTHER  
 GIRL.)

(FREEZE CHARACTERS UNTIL MUSIC IS  
 OUT.)

MANDY                (TO BOOTBLACK) Lawd, have mercy! What's happened  
 to you?! How come you got to be stealing?  
 BOOTBLACK           You got to steal!  
 MANDY                Dat's something nobody's got to do!  
 BOOTBLACK           I done it! I done it before. I'm going to do it  
 again!  
 MANDY                My Lawd! I been trying to bring you up like a  
 Christian. But now you act and talk like a heathen.  
 I ought to break your little neck!



RED CAR what you mean, Ma, is: you should never have had him. You should never have had none of us.

MANDY (TO RED CAR) What you saying to me? What you telling me? Ain't I a woman? Ain't I got a right to be a mother?

(1ST MINISTER ENTERS FROM RIGHT  
SING.)

RED CAR Ma, you might have a right to do and be anything ....if you wasn't black.

MANDY (TO MINISTER) Thank the lawd you done come, Reverend!

1ST MINISTER What's wrong, sister?

MANDY So much I don't know where to start.

A GIRL Oh! I got to lay down now. I got to!

MANDY (TO A GIRL) You feeling worse, honey? (TO 1ST MINISTER) Rep her on the bed, you-all.

1ST MINISTER Yes'm. Come on, you-all.

(1ST MINISTER AND 2ND MINISTER GO TO  
A GIRL TO BED.)

1ST MINISTER Is she sick agin?

A GIRL I'm bad off sick, Reverend. I'm bad off sick.

MANDY (TO MINISTER) And dat's my best child too. (TO 1ST MINISTER) (TO 2ND MINISTER) She ain't like dis one here. Dat boy is on his way to jail!

1ST MINISTER One thing at a time, sister. One piece at a time. Your daughter is sick and your first son is lone what?

RED CAR Reverend, you ought to know by now....that trouble don't come to folks like us a piece at a time!

1ST WOMAN That sno is right! Trouble don't trickle down on us. It pours down like that flood you preach about. Only we ain't got no Ark!

2ND WOMAN No! We ain't got no Ark to ride out this flood. And Reverend, you ain't breaking your back to git us one either!

1ST MINISTER I come here to hep you-all!

WOMEN GIRL Is that so! Well, I'm going to tell you, Mr., and all the rest of you....we need more than prayer.

ANDY Don't pay her no mind, Reverend. Don't pay none of 'em no mind. Just hep us!

1ST MINISTER Certainly, sister. But we got to all cool down. Now what about your little boy? What's he done?

ANDY He done snatched a white woman's pocket-book.

1ST MINISTER (TO BOORALACK) Why'd you do that, son? Ain't you know that's wrong?

ANDY I work and struggle to provide dis boy with a home. And you be go and disgrace me.

BOORALACK I ain't going to be like the rest of you - all! I ain't going to just take it and be done!

1ST MINISTER What do you mean, son?

ANDY I mean what I mean!

WOMEN GIRL What? You know what he means allright! (CRIES OUT OR SINGS) He work and struggles to give him a home. And what kind of home is it? I won't blame that kid for stealing. The only blame be made it: he got caught.

ANDY And they going to catch you too.



ANOTHER GIRL Well they ain't caught me yet! And another thing,  
I ain't in the bed like her....sick!

MANDY (VIOLENTLY) Oh you're sick alright. You're alkin  
sickness!

ANOTHER GIRL And I'm walking wid it in the right places too!

RED CAR (TO ANOTHER GIRL) Shut up! You got a crazy mind.

ANOTHER GIRL Yeah! And I'm just crazy enough to tell the truth  
you want to hear it?!

BOORBLACK Tell 'em, sis! Tell 'em like you told me! Tell 'em

ANOTHER GIRL Alright listen to me! I got a story to tell. And  
it's <sup>a</sup>story that'll make your brain buzz and your  
stomach turn over. And when I'm through telling  
it, Reverend, and you know something to do....you'  
better do it quick.

BOORBLACK Tell 'em, sis!

ANOTHER GIRL This story starts off down South.

RED CAR I can tell that part of it! Pa dies. And Ma gets  
insurance money.

1ST WOMEN And then she says to us: "Chillun! This is the  
South. A colored person ain't got a chance here.  
They got us down. And they going to keep us down!"

ANOTHER GIRL With a rope and a gun and even the law.

MANDY So I said: "Chillun! Freedom and Democracy don't  
start in America until you git above Washington,  
D. C. Way above Washington!"

ANOTHER GIRL Ma says: "Let's go to Newark. We can really live  
there!"

RED CAP

ma said: "We can all live in Newark and be decent citizens. People will treat you like you was real human beings"

MAAMI

I said: "Chillun, you can live in peace and walk with dignity in Newark. Us grown-ups can work. And your little brother can go to school"

ANOTHER GIRL

So we come to Newark.

BOYBUNCH

I started going to school.

RED CAP

I looked for a job.

1ST FORTEN

We all looked for jobs.

ANOTHER GIRL

Yeah! We looked for jobs.

RED CAP

I was trained and ready to go to work as an automobile mechanic.

ANOTHER GIRL

Yeah! But look at you now! (LAUGHING) Look at all of us! Me? I had to make myself a job. I'm out in the streets when it gets dark in Newark.

RED CAP

All of us is working. And working hard. All of us together don't make enough to pay rent and buy food.

1ST FORTEN

So we just pay the rent.

RED CAP

And eat now and then.

BOYBUNCH

(LAUGHING) I got myself a belly-full directly after I snatched that white woman's pocketbook! Yeah!

RED CAP

(LAUGHING AROUND) Look where we living! Look how we living! Ten families in this one of these little houses ain't but one tale!

ANOTHER GIRL

and it's out on the block, rob.



BOOTBLACK

When I went to the school, about all the children in it was black like me. But there wasn't but one black teacher there. And them white ones! (SHOUTS) The first day, I heard the teacher I had say to another one: "I got another one of the little black apes in my classroom!" And every time she turns her eyes on me, she makes me feel like I was a animal. So I'm gonna be a animal!

HANDY

God in heaven! Don't let my child talk like that!

BOOTBLACK

Yeah! I'm gonna be a animal!

HANDY

Oh Lord, have mercy on us! What's happened to his family?

RED SHIRT

Ma, what's happened to us ain't no different than what's happened to ten thousand other black families in Newark.

ANOTHER FILL

And they all getting sick like us (LOUD NOISE) What in hell do you think is the matter with my sister in the bed there? Dat dollar a day they give her don't make her much different from a slave. And she work all day. All day, dammit! When the sun rises and when it sets, she's working! For a dollar a day....cleaning a ten room house from top to bottom.

HANDY

You got to work. You got to work to live!

ANOTHER FILL

Yeah! But while you working....you ought to be paid enough to buy food!

A GIRL (CALLING) Ma! Ma!  
 MANDY (SYMPATHETIC) What is it, daughter? What is it?  
 A GIRL I'm sick. I'm so sick, ma.  
 MANDY (SLOWLY) Daughter, you want me to telephone the hospital?  
 A GIRL (EXCITED) No, ma! No!  
 MANDY I got a nickle, honey.  
 A GIRL Ma! Please don't send me to that hospital! (SOBBS) I been up there before.  
 1ST MINISTER Sister Mandy, don't you think you ought to send for a doctor?  
 MANDY Reverend, I done sent for the doctor. And he already come. The doctor done been here, Reverend!  
 1ST MINISTER But sister, didn't the doctor do nothing ~~for~~ for your daughter?  
 MANDY Yaas sir. He done all he could!  
 1ST MINISTER What doctor was it?  
 MANDY It was a colored doctor. (CRYING) He done all he could for my daughter. And he know he ain't gonna git no pay for it. He know he ain't. He stay here wid her nearly all night last night.  
 1ST MINISTER Sister, please!  
 MANDY I can't hep weeping, Reverend. I can't hep it.  
 1ST MINISTER What did the doctor say?  
 MANDY He say he done done all he could. And then he say my child ought to go to the hospital.  
 1ST MINISTER Did he mean the City Hospital?



ANOTHER GIRL Yeah! To the City Hospital. Where they put all the colored folks together so they can really be mean to 'em!

BOOTBLACK I told the colored doctor they was mean to our people in that place.

A GIRL Ma! I don't want to go to that place.

1ST MINISTER All the colored people in town is feeling that way about that place. It's a sin and a shame.

ANOTHER GIRL What you gonna do about it? (SHOUTS) Nothing! You'll preach the same sermon next Sunday as you preached last Sunday....and all the Sundays before that.

BOOTBLACK And then take Ma's hard earned money....for saying nothing!

1ST MINISTER If they only had colored doctors up at that City Hospital. Maybe they could sort of look after their own.

ANOTHER GIRL But they ain't got no colored doctors up there! And they say they ain't gonna let none come up there! And what you gonna do about it? Nothing!

BOOTBLACK I know what I'm gonna do! I'm gonna grow up and git myself a army! Yeah! And then they'll be....

1ST GIRL (INTERROPTS BY SLAPPING BOOTBLACK) Shut your mouth

BOOTBLACK (WHIPS OUT SWITCHBLADE KNIFE) You ain't gonna slap me!

1ST GIRL (SCREAMS)

BOOTBLACK (TO BOOTBLACK) Put that knife up! (GROANS) Put that knife up!

BOOTBLACK            You can't be slapping me!

RED CAP              Put up that knife!

BOOTBLACK            If you wasn't my brother....I'd cut your guts out!

RED CAP              Put up that knife! (PAUSE) Put up that knife....  
boy!

(BOOTBLACK, GLARING AT RED CAP,  
SLOWLY FOLDS KNIFE AND PUTS IT  
IN HIS POCKET.)

A GIRL                Oh Ma!    Ma!    Ma!

MANDY                 (SYMPATHETIC) Daughter.    Daughter.

1ST MINISTER         (LOUD) Listen you-all!    Listen! There's a lot  
to be settled here. A lot to be settled! But  
the sick got to be taken care of first!

ANOTHER GIRL         I ain't much of a Christian....but I'm sho-god  
gonna say amen to that!

1ST MINISTER         (TO 2ND PORTER) You go call the ambulance!

A GIRL                (SITTING UP IN BED TERRIFIED) Oh god, no! Ma,  
don't let 'em take me! They'll just let me lay  
there. If I call for help, they'll pass me bye!  
And if I keep on calling, they'll just be brutal  
to me!

MANDY                 She's telling you right, Reverend. That's the  
truth!

1ST MINISTER         Listen to me! I ain't been much of a preacher in  
my time. I ain't been saying much in my sermons.  
And I been doing less. But dis is one thing I'm  
gonna do. And I'm gonna tell you how.

MANDY                 We listening, Reverend.

1ST MINISTER         A minister of God kin go into a hospital whenever  
he wants to!



2ND PORTER I'm going after the ambulance! (EXITS RIGHT)

1ST MINISTER And dat means I kin go up to dat hospital day or night. And when dey take dis daughter there, I'm gonna build me a nest in a chair by her bed. And I'm gonna roost there....until Gabe blow his horn, if I have too. And I'm gonna make sure that every hand that touches dis child's body is a gentle hand! Do you hear me?!

RED CAP They'll throw you out, Reverend.

1ST MINISTER Dey'll have to build a cross and nail me on it first!

ANOTHER GIRL Aw glory! Aw now you talking!

RED CAP Yeah Lawd! And if the rest of the preachers would talk like that....they'd have to build more church

1ST MINISTER And dat ain't all! My talking ain't started yet! Something's got to be done in dis town! There's plenty of good people in it! Good people, both white and black. Right now, I'm gonna find the black ones and talk to them. The ones dat's got more brains than I have. The ones that can talk and write good English.

RED CAP Them kind of colored folks in this town is few. And most of 'em is scared to speak up for people like us!

1ST MINISTER I'll tell 'em what's happening to us! I'll tell 'em it won't be long before it happens to them! (POINTS AT BOOTBLACK) Look at that boy there! All the young ones is talking and acting like Him.



RED CAP            Yeah! All this town is doing is spawning a batch of little black Hitlers!

ANOTHER GIRL      They won't git far though! The white folks will stop 'em! But quick! (LAUGHS) Yeah! But look what they've made out of me!

BOOTBLACK          Tell 'em, sis!

ANOTHER GIRL      Yeah! Dey filled me full of poison. And I'm walking wid it. I walk wid it at night when the cars drive up to the dark alleys 'round here! The cars wid there sons and brothers and husbands in it! Den I take 'em in my arms. And let 'em drown in my poison!

RED CAP            Shut up! You're crazy!

ANOTHER GIRL      You mean: I'm the only one among you kin fight back!

RED CAP            Make her shut up, Reverend! For god-sake!, make her hush! She's crazy!

1ST MINISTER      (KINDLY, GENTLY) Hush, daughter. Hush, all of you. There ain't but one thing on my mind now. And that's this: There's two girls in this would-be home that's sick. And there're people 'round here with the knowledge to hep 'em. But they ain't allowed to hep 'em. Now what we gonna do about it?

RED CAP            The Negroes, few as they are, what's got a little is scared of losing it, if it means helping their brothers like us!



A GIRL

Oh Ma! I'm sick, sick, sick.

MANDY

Yes, daughter! You heard what Reverend said. He gonna do all he kin for you.

1ST MINISTER

Yeah. There's a lot wrong here in this town. But we got to take care of our sick first. And that means we got to let the people....all the people ....know what's happening to our sick.

2ND PORTER

(ENTERS FROM RIGHT AS MINISTER IS SPEAKING ABOVE LINES) I done telephoned for the ambulance. You know what they asked me?

1ST MINISTER

What, son? What did they ask you?

2ND PORTER

Is the patient white or colored?

1ST MINISTER

Did they really ask you that?

2ND PORTER

Over that telephone....just now....they asked me was my sister white or colored!

ANOTHER GIRL

And when she gits to the hospital....there won't be a single colored doctor or a single colored nurse to hep take care of her!

1ST MINISTER

Hear me, Lawd! Listen to me, you-all! By all that's decental in the name of Humanity, this is one time I'm gonna ask folks in this town to gimme some answers!

SOUND

OFF IN THE DISTANCE A SIREN.

BOOTBLACK.

Here come the ambulance. I hear the siren!

1ST MINISTER

Let it come, son. But right now, I want to know two things: Is justice dead? And if it is....why don't they bury it so it don't stink?

SOUND

SIREN IN LOUD. FADE LIGHTS. CURTAIN. SIREN.

(HOUSE LIGHTS UP)